

WEREWOLF
BY NIGHT

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WEREWOLF

BY NIGHT

YOU HAVEN'T A
CHANCE AGAINST
MOON KNIGHT,
MONSTER--

-- FOR THE
HARDER
YOU FIGHT,
THE QUICKER YOU
DIE!

CAN EVEN A
WEREWOLF
BATTLE A MAN
CLAD IN
SOLID SILVER--
AND
SURVIVE?!

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The tag's RUSSELL, with a JACK in front of it. The kind of name that fits a normal 19-year-old-dude living out in L.A. — not the kind of name you'd expect to find slapped on a guy who sprouted fangs, pore-to-pore fur, and wolfish howls every time the moon ballooned full. Unless that guy happened to have a father who was cursed by an arcane book called DARKHOLD — and who inherited his father's curse on his 18th birthday.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **WEREWOLF BY NIGHT!**™

TOUGH, I USUALLY AIN'T, BUT WHEN THE FULL MOON POKES ITS UGLY PUSS INTO MY LIFE, I TURN INTO THE WEREWOLF--AND NOBODY MESSES WITH A DUDE DRESSED IN FUR, CLAWS, AND PURE MEAN. SO WHY DIDN'T SOMEBODY TELL THAT TO--

FAST, BRUTAL, AND ARMED WITH EVERYTHING TO PRODUCE A SCREAM, HE WAS WASTING ME WITH NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. AND EVERY TIME I TRIED TO SLASH BACK AT THE WEIRDO--

...THE
STALKER CALLED
MOON KNIGHT

--MY HAND EXPLODED IN A FIRE LABELLED AGONY.

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SECOND NIGHT: THE WEREWOLF WHIMPERED IN PAIN. HIS HAND WAS BROKEN--SHATTERED-- AND THE BLOOD HE WANTED TO SEE SO BADLY--WOULD BE HIS OWN.

GET UP, YOU MANGY FREAK--!

GET UP SO I CAN KNOCK YOU BACK DOWN AGAIN!



EVEN IF HIS VOICE HADN'T BEEN MUFFLED BY A MASK, THE WORDS STILL WOULD'VE BEEN GREEK TO THE WEREWOLF--

BUT IT WAS THE TONE OF THIS MOON KNIGHT'S VOICE WHICH ENRAGED ME--

SO I GOT UP-- IN A LUNGE.



HAD THE WEREWOLF BEEN ABLE TO EMPLOY HIS RIGHT HAND--



--PERHAPS HE WOULD'VE TURNED HIS FOE'S MASKED FACE INTO RED HASH--

--AND PERHAPS NOT.

IT WAS CALLED A CESTUS-- AS IN GLOVE, WORN BY GLADIATORS IN THE ARENA.



A CESTUS IS SPIKED.

THESE SPIKES WERE SILVER.

SILVER IS HELL ON A WEREWOLF.

I HIT THE FILTHY ALLEY LIKE AN OAK FELLED BY SILVER LIGHTNING. BUT THE LIGHTNING WOULDN'T QUIT--



I HATE COWARDS WHO RUN--!



SKUPT!

BUT EVEN MORE--I HATE
COWARDS WHO FIGHT ONLY
WHEN THEY'RE
CORNERED!!

IT WAS CALLED A
SAVATE-KICK--WRAPPED
INSIDE A BOOT WITH A
SILVER-WEIGHTED TOE.

IT FIGURED.



MAN--! THAT GUY'S LIKE
A TORNADO ON A RAMPAGE--!

I'M HIP-- BUT
WHAT'S THAT OTHER
DUDE LIKE-- LON
CHANEY IN A
MINK--?!



YOU'VE HAD
IT, FREAK.
YOU'RE
HALF-WAY
GONE AND
I HAVEN'T
EVEN
STARTED--!

HE WAS UNSNAPPING
SOMETHING FROM A
PEG ON HIS BELT.
SILVER, OF COURSE,
AND SHAPED IN A
CRESCENT--

SORT OF LIKE
THE MOON.



BUT ALSO LIKE A
SILVER RAZOR-BLADE.

SWFFF



THE WEREWOLF
HOWLED. IT
WASN'T RIGHT...

THE MOON WAS SUPPOSED TO
GIVE HIM STRENGTH--FILL HIM
WITH SAVAGERY--NOT STAB
HIM WITH GLARING PAIN...



DROP, FREAK--! DROP LIKE THE
WOUNDED BEAST
YOU ARE!

BWOK!

ANOTHER SAVATE-
KICK, THIS ONE
FROM THE ERECT
POSITION...AND I
FELL INTO THE
REQUESTED DROP...



A PAUSE, THEN, IN WHICH THE MOON
KNIGHT SILENTLY GLOATED--AND
STEPPED FORWARD FOR THE FINAL
BLOW--A PAUSE IN WHICH THE
CONFUSED WEREWOLF STRAINED
TO THINK--

WHREEE

--STRAINED TO REMEMBER HOW HE'D COME
TO FACE THIS DEATH AT SUCH CLOSE
QUARTERS...

IT HAD STARTED THE NIGHT BEFORE*, WHEN AN INNOCENT SKI-JAUNT IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA HAD ERUPTED INTO A BLIZZARD OF HORROR. AS THE WEREWOLF, I'D ALMOST MURDERED A CUTE 7-YEAR-OLD GIRL NAMED BUTTONS...



FORTUNATELY, MY BEST FRIEND, BUCK COWAN, HAD OTHER IDEAS...

*TRANSLATION: LAST ISSUE.--LEN.

HIS HEROICS HAD DISTRACTED THE WEREWOLF ENOUGH TO PREVENT THE TRAGEDY...



BUT HAD ALSO PUT HIMSELF INTO SUBSTITUTE POSITION.

WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, THE WEREWOLF HAD LEFT HIM LYING IN THE SNOW, HIS MOTIONLESS BODY SHIELDING THE HYSTERICAL BUTTONS...



THE MOON-BEAST THEN FOUND AN OUTCROPPING OF ROCK, UNDER WHICH HE HID FROM THE RAGING BLIZZARD--



--UNTIL DAWN--



--WHEN I CLAWED FREE...



HALF-ICICLE AND FLIRTING WITH TERMINAL FROSTBITE, I TRUDGED FROM THE WOLF'S SNOWBOUND DEN--

--CRUNCHING THE CRISP SNOW IN SEARCH OF MY CLOTHES,



IT ONLY TOOK THREE HOURS TO FIND WHERE I'D LEFT THEM...

...BUNDLED AND CACHED UNDER A LOG.

SO I SHIVERED INTO THEM AND PREPARED TO WAIT FOR BUCK. YOU SEE, I DIDN'T REMEMBER THE WEREWOLF'S LITTLE BLOOD-TUSSLE WITH BUCK--



--AND SINCE BUCK WAS SUPPOSED TO PICK ME UP HERE...



OUT OF THE WAY, MAN-- CAN'T YOU SEE THIS IS AN EMERGENCY--?!

PREPARE YOURSELF FOR IMMEDIATE SURGERY!

AFTER AN HOUR OF WAITING, I'D BEGUN TO WORRY...



WHERE WAS BUCK--?

GOOD LORD, NURSE--! THIS MAN IS DYING ON THE TABLE!



WE NEED MORE BLOOD-- AN EMERGENCY SUPPLY--FAST!!

AFTER TWO HOURS, I BEGAN HIKING FOR THE HIGHWAY.



OBVIOUSLY, BUCK WASN'T GOING TO MAKE IT.

I WANT THE BEST AVAILABLE TEAM OF SURGEONS UP IN THIS ROOM WITHIN THE NEXT THREE MINUTES!



IS THAT CLEAR, NURSE--?

Y-YES, DOCTOR-- RIGHT AWAY--!

RETURNING TO THE SKI- LODGE WOULD'VE BLOWN MY PHONY STORY ABOUT LEAVING FOR WORK THE NIGHT BEFORE...



SO I HITCHED A RIDE--

SOME OF THE DEEPEST LACERATIONS I'VE EVER SEEN.



YES, -- APPARENTLY INFLECTED BY SOME SORT OF ANIMAL--

BETTER APPEND THE REPORT WITH A NOTE FOR POST-SURGICAL RABIES TREATMENT -- GOD PROVIDING THE PATIENT LIVES.

--WITH THE WORST POSSIBLE DRIVER UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES...

--ENERGY, I TELL HIM. THAT'S WHERE ALL YOUR MONEY'S HIDING THESE DAYS. WHY, THE TEXANS AND THE ARABS ARE ROLLING IN THE GREEN-- WHILE THE REST OF US POOR SLOBS FEEL THE CRUNCH.



SURE IS A NICE DAY, THOUGH, AIN'T IT?

WHATSAMATTER, KID? SOME CAT GET A TASTE FOR YOUR TONGUE?

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

--CARDIOGRAPH'S DORMANT, DOCTOR. HIS HEART'S STOPPED.

NURSE--GET THE CARDIOVASCULAR SHOCK UNIT. QUICKLY!



IT WAS MID-AFTERNOON BY THE TIME I FINALLY REACHED MY STEPFATHER'S WESTWOOD HOME--



ALL RIGHT--NOW.

ACTIVATE IT--MAXIMUM VOLTAGE.



--AND GREETED HIS ASTONISHED FACE.

JACK--/ ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SON--?!

SURE, DAD--AS ALL RIGHT AS I EVER AM. THE MORNING AFTER A FULL MOON.

WHY? AND WHERE'S LISSA?



THAT'S IT, THEN. WE MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT...



THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO.

YOU MEAN YOU--YOU DON'T REMEMBER, SON--?

I SENSED IT--AND THE DOORS BEGAN TO OPEN ON WHAT I'D ALWAYS DREADED.



REMEMBER WHAT? WHAT--?!

LISSA'S DOWN AT WESTWOOD HOSPITAL, JACK. TOPAZ CALLED--SAID YOUR FRIEND BUCK WAS HURT--



--WAS-- MAULED...

HE--HE MIGHT NOT PULL THROUGH, JACK.

THE SOFT WORDS SLAMMED ME, HIT ME LIKE A THOUSAND CRUSHING MOUNTAINS--BUT MY ONLY REACTION WAS NUMBNESS--DISBELIEF--



MAULED--?

EASY, JACK--JUST TAKE IT EASY, SON...





I DIDN'T LIKE THE TONE TOPAZ SPUN AROUND HER VOICE--LIKE A COCOON TRYING TO HIDE SOMETHING UGLY INSIDE. BUT IT DIDN'T WORK; I COULD SMELL WHAT WAS COMING...

UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, WE THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE BEST IF LISSA STAYED WITH ME TONIGHT --AT MY ROOM--



--TO KEEP OUR MINDS OFF BUCK-- AND ALSO BECAUSE--WELL...

I DIDN'T LIKE THE SCENT OF IT, EITHER.

GO ON, TOPAZ, SAY IT-- BECAUSE I'VE GOT THE MOON-COOTIES AND YOU DON'T WANT TO BE AROUND WHEN I SPROUT FANGS AGAIN.



WELL, I DON'T BLAME YOU. I'D STAY AWAY FROM ME IF I COULD...

SO WHY SHOULD YOU TWO STICK WITH ME?

AND THAT WAS MY EXIT--AS PETULANT AS A CRY-BABY FEELING SORRY FOR ITS OWN TEARS...



OUT IN THE CAR I FELT ASHAMED.

I ALSO FELT MY HAND. IT WAS BLAZING NOW.

PROBABLY BROKEN, MAYBE SHATTERED. AT LEAST THE PAIN DULLED MY ANGER. AND WHAT WAS A BROKEN PAW COMPARED TO A DYING MAN--?



--OR TO THE WAY I'D TREATED LISSA AND TOPAZ--MY STEPFATHER, FOR THAT MATTER.

THERE WAS STILL A HALF-HOUR TILL DARK-- ENOUGH TIME TO RETURN THE CAR AND APOLOGIZE TO HIM--



--BEFORE RUNNING AWAY FROM THE MOON.

MY RIGHT HAND WAS AS STIFF AS A CATCHER'S MITT AND FELT ALMOST AS BIG-- SO I USED MY LEFT...



BUT THE KEY HAD BARELY EVEN TOUCHED THE LOCK--

-- WHEN THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN--VERY SLOWLY.



IT WAS DARK IN THE HOUSE. I DIDN'T LIKE THAT.

IN THE DEN, JACK. THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU...



NORTHRUP AGAIN? OR SOMEONE ELSE FROM THE COPS? I COULDN'T AFFORD TO BE QUESTIONED THIS CLOSE TO THE MOON. STILL, I'VE NEVER BEEN CELIBATE WHEN IT COMES TO CURIOSITY...

... SO I ENTERED,
SMACK INTO
WEIRDO. MY
STEFFATHER
LOOKED WORRIED
BEHIND HIM.

HELLO,
RUSSELL. THEY
TOLD ME TO
ANNOUNCE MYSELF
AS THE MOON
KNIGHT.

PRETTY STUPID NAME--
BUT IT'LL DO AS FAR AS
YOU'RE CONCERNED--

YEAH?

AND HOW AM
I CONCERNED?
WHO ARE YOU--
BESIDES A
LUNAR
CRUSADER
RABBIT--?

HIS VOICE WAS
MUFFLED UNDER
THE SILVER GAUZE
WHICH COVERED
HIS FACE LIKE
ECTOPLASM. THAT
WAS SOMETHING
ELSE I DIDN'T LIKE...

LET'S SAY I'M
A WORKING
MAN, RUSSELL--

-- OUT TO DO
MY JOB AND
COLLECT MY
BREAD.

"THIS PARTICULAR JOB STARTED
DOWN IN THE WATERFRONT SECTION...

"PRETTY SLEAZY PLACE--LOTS OF RATS-- THE
STINK OF FILTHY BRINE-- AND ROTTING, SAGGING
WAREHOUSES...

"BUT ONE OF THOSE WAREHOUSES IS A LOT
LIKE THAT BOOK YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO
JUDGE BY ITS COVER-- BECAUSE INSIDE, IT
AIN'T ROTTING OR SAGGING. AND THE ONLY
STINK IS THE SMELL OF MONEY-- LOTS OF
MONEY. I WENT THERE ON A TIP-- AND FOUND
OUT IT WAS A SET-UP...

SO YOU'RE
MARK
SPECTOR...

I'M
SPECTOR.
WHO'RE
YOU?

WE'LL GET TO THAT IN
TIME, MR. SPECTOR. RIGHT
NOW, I FIND YOUR DOSSIER
IMMENSELY INTERESTING...

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, MERCENARY, VETERAN
OF THREE AFRICAN WARS, FIVE SOUTH
AMERICAN REVOLUTIONS. BRIEF FLIRTATION
WITH THE C.I.A., WEAPONS EXPERT,
VERSATILE PRACTITIONER OF VIRTUALLY
ALL THE MARTIAL ARTS, EX-PRIZEFIGHTER,
MARINE COMMANDO FOR EIGHT YEARS PRIOR
TO BEATING A LIEUTENANT WITHIN AN INCH
OF HIS LIFE... ET CETERA.

SO YOUR RESEARCH
DEPARTMENT IS HOT STUFF.
SO WHAT? I WAS TOLD
THERE'D BE MONEY DOWN HERE.
WHAT DO I DO TO GET IT?

I ADMIRE
YOUR
DIRECTNESS,
MR. SPECTOR,
AND SHALL
ENDEAVOR TO
EMULATE IT.

FIRST, WE
WANT YOU TO
OPEN THAT
COMPARTMENT
NOW RISING
FROM THE
TABLE...

...THEN DON
THE RATHER
UNIQUE
COSTUME
YOU WILL
FIND **INSIDE**
IT...

...AND UTILIZE EVERY WEAPON
ACCOMPANYING THAT **COSTUME**--
AS WELL AS YOUR **INHERENT**
ABILITIES-- TO CAPTURE
AND DELIVER TO US A
WEREWOLF NAMED
JACK RUSSELL.

UPON DELIVERY,
YOU WILL RECIEVE
**THIS. TEN--
THOUSAND--
DOLLARS.**



THAT'S THE **STORY**,
RUSSELL. ME, I DON'T
BELIEVE IN WEREWOLVES--
BUT THE **COMMITTEE'S**
GOT TEN GRAND THAT
DOES-- SO WHO AM I
TO ARGUE?

SO YOU GOT A **CHOICE**,
RUSSELL. EITHER YOU
COME WITH ME THE
EASY WAY--

--OR I
DELIVER
BRUISED
GOODS.

MY HEAD WAS
SWIMMING
THROUGH QUEASY
NAUSEA AS HE
STALKED **FOR-**
WARD. WAS IT THE
PAIN IN MY HAND--
OR HAD THE
MOON FESTERED
INTO A DARKENING
SKY--?



THE **COMMITTEE**
AGAIN-- I'D THOUGHT
THEIR TENTS HAD BEEN
FOLDED UP LONG AGO...



THEN, AS I REALIZED
THERE WAS NO WAY
I'D BE ABLE TO
DEFEND MYSELF--

--MY
STEPPFATHER
DECIDED
THE **ISSUE**.

RUN, JACK--!
I'LL HOLD HIM
AS LONG AS
I CAN--!!

I HESITATED,
RIPPED WITH
INDECISION--



--THEN FELT THE FIRST SHOOTING FLOOD OF
THE **CHANGE**-- AND SPLIT AT A FAST
SCRAMBLE...

HURRY, JACK-- HE'S
TOO STRONG--!!

LET GO! YOU
DON'T HAVE TO
GET HURT, YOU
STUPID SON-OF-A--



OUTSIDE, THE MOON KNIGHT'S WORDS WERE DROWNED BY A SOUND FROM THE ROOF. A HELICOPTER--?



I DIDN'T CARE. THE AGONY WOULDN'T LET ME...

IT FORCED ME INTO A JAGGED RUN, STUMBLING, STAGGERING, SHOVING THE BLUR OF FACES AWAY FROM ME...



WHAT THE--?

...UNTIL I SPRAWLED INTO THE SQUALOR OF AN ALLEY...



...AND ROSE WITH A SNARL.



AS THE WEREWOLF.

BEHIND ME, THE SOUND OF THE HELICOPTER GREW LOUDER, AS IT LIFTED OFF THE ROOF--



--AND SWUNG FORWARD IN PURSUIT.

THAT'S OUR MAN UP AHEAD, FRENCHIE...



WHO'D BLAME HIM? HIS SLIT EYES WERE GLUED TO THE STRANGE FLYING THING WHICH CHASED HIM-- AND THE WEIRD MAN-THING SLIDING DOWN FROM ITS BELLY--



THE MOON KNIGHT'S PURSUIT CLINCHED THE FACT THAT MY STEPFATHER HAD BEEN INJURED. BUT OF COURSE THE WEREWOLF WASN'T EVEN AWARE OF PHILLIP RUSSELL'S EXISTENCE...

... AND HE'S JUST MADE ME A BELIEVER IN WEREWOLVES.

FEAR AND PANIC SCATTERED AROUND THE WEREWOLF.



FOR ONCE, HE DIDN'T NOTICE THE EASY PREY...

BUY THIS BOOK... OR HULK WILL ZMAZH!

*AN UNSOLICITED
TESTIMONIAL
STRAIGHT FROM THE
GREEN GOLIATH'S
MOUTH, REGARDING
THE LATEST
(POSSIBLY THE
GREATEST)
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DOESN'T, THE HULK'S GONNA MAKE HIM
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THE HULK! SO PLEASE SEND ME HIS STAR-
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YOU CAN!

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ALLOW 4 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

AND BESIDES, HE HAD
OTHER THINGS ON
HIS MIND--

-- LIKE THE MOON
KNIGHT'S SILVER-
PLATED BOOT.

THE SOUND
FADED.

THE HELICOPTER LEFT.

AND THE WEREWOLF
GOT WASTED.

SWUNK

WHICH BROUGHT US BACK TO
THE PRESENT-- MOON KNIGHT
GLOATING AS HE SLOWLY
CLOSED FOR THE END--
MY HAND BLISTERING
WITH PAIN-- AND MY
FOE'S HANDS
STUDDED WITH
SILVER SPIKES...

I DECIDED NEVER
TO FEEL THOSE
SPIKES AGAIN.

I DECIDED
TO SLASH.

ROWRR

I DECIDED TO SLAY.

YOU STUPID
MANGY
BEAST--!

KRAK

SHOK!

THE COMMITTEE
WANTS YOU ALIVE--
BUT IF YOU'RE
GONNA FORCE ME
TO KILL YOU, THEY'LL
SETTLE FOR WHAT
THEY CAN
GET!!

MY DECISIONS WERE OVERRULED.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH US--?! WHY ARE WE STANDING HERE GAWKING AT THEM?! THEY COULD TURN ON US AT ANY MOMENT-- KILL US ALL--!

I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE--!

A WHAT FIGHTING A WHAT--?!

LOOK-- YOU'LL HAVE TO CALM DOWN. SPEAK MORE SLOWLY-- AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHOUT EITHER-- YEAH, THAT'S BETTER--

WHAT--? ARE YOU SURE--?

YEAH, WE'LL SEND A CAR. THANKS. WHERE?

SOUNDS LIKE NORTHROP WASN'T SO CRAZY AFTER ALL...

HOW'S THAT, EDDIE?

SOME COMIC BOOK WEIRDO IS SLUGGIN' IT OUT WITH A WEREWOLF ON A STREET CORNER IN WESTWOOD.

A WEREWOLF--? THAT DOES SOUNDS LIKE NORTHROP'S BAG. WHY DON'T YOU CALL HIM IN ON IT?

CAN'T. IT'S VIC'S VACATION TIME, AND RIGHT NOW HE MUST BE ABOUT A THOUSAND MILES AWAY--

"-- AND FIFTY THOUSAND FEET UP."

WILL YOU BE DEPLANING IN HAITI, MR. NORTHROP?

YES, MA'AM, I WILL...

YOU BET I WILL. GOT BUSINESS THERE...

FOR INSTANCE: THIS SILVER BULLET, MARKED WITH THE NAME--

"RAYMOND COKER."

BUT-- BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW--?

JEESALA OF DE THOUSAND YEARS KNOWS ALL DE DARK SECRETS OF DE SOUL. MY POWERS OF VOODOO, AND DE FEELINGS OF LIFE FROM DE MASK...

THESE ARE DE THINGS WHICH TELL ME YOU ARE CURSED-- BY DE MARK OF DE MAN-BEAST.

YES...THAT'S TRUE, I WAS A WEREWOLF-- BUT I'VE BEEN CURED, * JEESALA. I'VE COME TO ASK YOUR HELP IN A DIFFERENT MATTER...

DEATH, JEESALA--
DEATH WHICH HAS
KILLED.

THEN YOU
SPEAK OF
ZUVEMBIE.

YOU SPEAK OF
THAT WHICH EVEN
JEESALA CANNOT
CONTROL. YOU
HAVE COME HERE
--FOR NOTHING.

*IN ISSUE # 21. --LYCANTHROPIC LEN.

YOUR ROOM IS...
VERY NICE,
TOPAZ...

THANK YOU, LISSA. BUT
WE BOTH KNOW IT'S
NOT THE ROOM WHICH
IS ON OUR MINDS.

YOU'RE
RIGHT,
TOPAZ...

IT'S NOT BAD ENOUGH THAT
BUCK'S IN THE HOSPITAL...
ALMOST DEAD...

BUT THERE HAS
TO BE ANOTHER
FULL MOON
TONIGHT...

I--I CAN'T HELP
THINKING ABOUT IT...

"...WORRYING ABOUT WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO JACK."

HWOK

WORRYING
WON'T HELP
ANYTHING,
LISSA...

JACK'S BEEN THROUGH
IT BEFORE. HE KNOWS
HOW TO TAKE CARE
OF HIMSELF.

I'M
SURE
EVERYTHING'S
FINE.

OH, TOPAZ, DO
YOU REALLY
THINK--

BREESH!

GOOD EVENING,
MESDEMOISELLES.
THE NAME EES
FRENCHIE.

I MUST KNOW
WHICH OF YOU
EES JACK
RUSSELL'S
CHARMING
SISTER--

--OR YOU MUST
BOTH ACCOMPANY
ME EEN A RIDE.
OUI--?

I SLASHED, STILL FAVORING MY BROKEN HAND--AND GROWLED IN FURY AS HE DEFTLY EVADED MY RAKING TALONS.

WHERE THE BLAZES ARE THE POLICE--? WHAT DO WE PAY TAXES FOR--?!

RRRR

HE'D PRODUCED A NEW WEAPON NOW. IT LOOKED LIKE A TRUNCHEON--

--AND IT WAS DEFINITELY SILVER.

SKUMP!

LISTEN, YOU HAIRY FREAK--!

WE CAN KEEP THIS UP ALL NIGHT--OR YOU CAN MAKE IT EASY--

SNOK

--AND JUST DROP!!

MAYBE IT WAS HIS WORDS, AND MAYBE THE PUNCH-- BUT EITHER WAY, THE LAST STRAW HAD FALLEN--

--AND THE WEREWOLF EXPLODED BERSERK, BLASTING THE MOON KNIGHT WITH EVERYTHING HE HAD--

CHWAK

PAIN SLICED THROUGH ME LIKE RUSTY BARBED-WIRE LACED TO A BUZZ-SAW. IT FILLED ME. I COULDN'T SEE, COULDN'T MOVE.

WHREEN

COULD DO NOTHING BUT FEEL THE PAIN --AND WHINE...

UHHNNN

--AND WITH MY RIGHT HAND.

STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

Yep, it's true—there definitely will be a sequel to the ol' best-selling ORIGINS OF MARVEL COMICS! That cheering you hear is from your local book store! And, in answer to the thousands of requests (some guy named Hymie Thousands happened to ask), these are the characters that will be featured in our own inimitable and sometimes incomprehensible style: Iron Man! Daredevil! X-Men! Avengers! Captain America! Sub-Mariner! Human Torch! Sgt. Fury! Plus another unexpected sensation whom we're saving as the surprise of the year! The only problem is, we haven't figured out a title for the book yet. Dunno whether to call it MORE ORIGINS, or SON OF ORIGINS, or what? If you've any suggestions, don't be bashful. And if you haven't bought the original ORIGINS OF MARVEL COMICS yet, better not delay too long. No telling how many sequels will be published, and you won't wanna be the only one in town without a full set! But now it's culture time. Wouldja believe that yours truly set some kinda record recently by speaking at five colleges in as many days! Yep, I've got a hunch that ol' Michigan State U, Augustana, Ferris State, and the University of Wisconsin won't ever be the same, to say nothing of Montreal's George Williams College. The only thing I can't figure out is why, after all this campus-hopping, Spidey hasn't gotten his doctorate yet! Or, in the words of Honest Irv Forbush, "How soon they forget!" And now, I'll leave you with this age-old riddle which has stumped wise men and sages since time immemorial: Who feeds the elephants at Monte Python's flying circus? And while you're guessing, remember—vive la bagatelle!

Excelsior

Stan

ITEM! Hang on to your FOOMbership card, Faithful One, 'cause your blushing Bullpen is about to let you in on the most long-awaited event since Judy Garland took that first fateful step over the rainbow. Almost before you could expect it, your hot-blooded House of Ideas will be unleashing a brand-new, pulse-pounding magazine destined to become one of the biggest and brightest stars in the hit-studded Marvel heavens, our own artful adaptation of one of the greatest children's fantasy series of all time—"THE WIZARD OF OZ"! Everyone here at Mad. Ave. is so proud of our peerless project that we've made sure only the best of the Bullpen will produce it, so plaudits to Rascally ROY THOMAS and Big JOHN BUSCEMA

for corralling the most sought-after assignment to come down the pike in ages, thus gaining a chance to prove that brawny, bold barbarians aren't the only wonderment they're more than capable of producing! We can't tell you exactly when this Marvel Munchkin Masterwork will be hitting your newsstands, or its size and shape (we don't want the Wicked Witch of the West to find out!), but you can bet your ruby slippers that it'll be well worth waiting for! So if you've ever wondered what would happen if the madness of Marvel joined forces with the genius of L. FRANK BAUM, this is your chance to find out! Don't miss it, Marvelite—you know how angry Toto gets!

ITEM! It seems congratulations are in order for the remarkable Mr. Buscema in more ways than one. Not only has he copped the juiciest artistic plum in Marvel's plum-filled history, but even as we pen these imperishable words, Joltin' John has embarked upon a new career—as the head of his very own ART-SCHOOL! If you've ever dreamed of learning at the side of one of comicdom's all-time greats, here's your chance! Just keep your eyes glued to our cataclysmic classified ad pages for the next few months to learn all the details, and you may become one of the privileged ones to enroll in John's sensational course! We're counting on Mr. Buscema to start turning out the most talented new artists of all—and you could be one of them! 'Nuff Said!

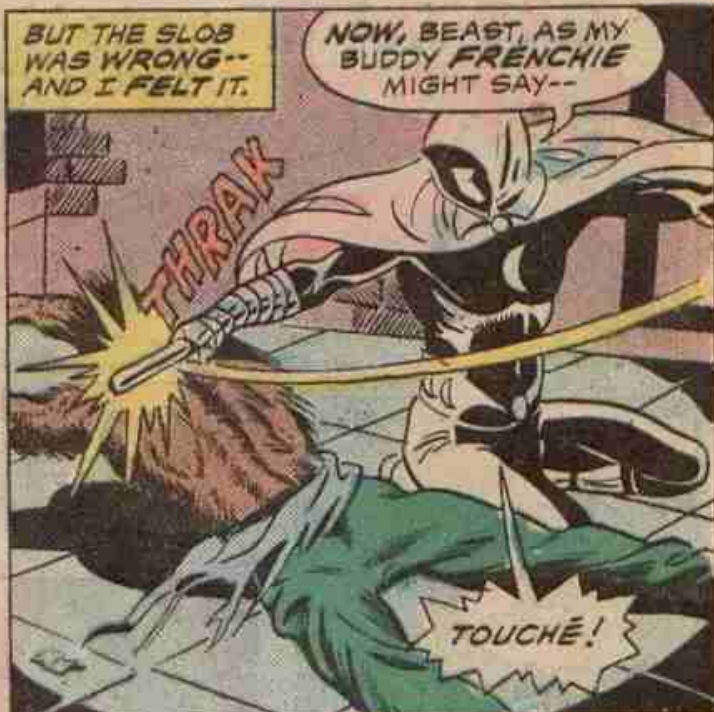
ITEM! While we're on the subject of congratulations, let's hear it for Artful ARCHIE GOODWIN, who's returning to the fold after far too long an absence, to replace Dauntless DON MCGREGOR as the erudite Editor of several of Marvel's block-busting black-and-white magazines. Archie will be controlling the direction of such various and sundry items as PLANET OF THE APES, DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU, VAMPIRE TALES, and others. He may even turn out a comics script or two, if he can find a few spare minutes between his editorial chores and his scripting duties on the syndicated SECRET AGENT CORRIGAN newspaper strip. Don't worry about the whereabouts of Dauntless Don, by the way. Mr. McGregor is still very much with us, turning out scripts for the Black Panther in JUNGLE ACTION, Killraven in AMAZING ADVENTURES, and his newest acquisition, LUKE CAGE, POWER MAN, a mag begun just a few years back, by Artful Archie himself! (There's a note of irony in there somewhere, but don't ask us what it is!) In the meanwhile, welcome back, Arch—it's good to have you aboard!

ITEM! Pardon us for blushing, but the nominations for the 1974 SHA-

ZAM AWARDS have just been announced by the ACADEMY OF COMIC BOOK ARTS, and mighty Marvel walked away with so many of the various categories that it's almost embarrassing. Just take a gander for yourself—and you'll see what we meant! Best Penciller, Humor Division: DAN DeCARLO, FRANK ROBERGE, MARIE SEVERIN, and GEORGE WILDMAN. Best Inker, Humor Division: RUDY LAPICK, RALPH REESE, FRANK ROBERGE, MARIE SEVERIN, and GEORGE WILDMAN. Best Writer, Humor Division: NICK CUTI, STEVE GERBER, JOE GILL, and STEVE SKEATES. Best Penciller, Dramatic Division: JOHN BUSCEMA, GENE COLAN, and BERNI WRIGHTSON. Best Inker, Dramatic Division: FRANK GIACIOIA, DICK GIOR-DANO, TOM PALMER, and JOE SINNOTT. Best Writer, Dramatic Division: STEVE GERBER, ARCHIE GOODWIN, and ROY THOMAS. (Seems the Bullpen virtually swept the dramatic categories, don't it?) Best Letterer: JOHN COSTANZA, ANNETTE KAWECKI, GASPARD SALADINO, and ARTIE SIMEK. Best Colorist: MARIE SEVERIN, GLYNIS WEIN, and TAT-JANA WOOD. Superior Achievement by an Individual: BARRY SMITH, ROY THOMAS, and JIM STARLIN. Best Continuing Feature: CONAN THE BARBARIAN, TOMB OF DRACULA, and MAN-THING. Best Individual Story, "Gottterdammerung," "Night of the Stalker," and "Red Nails." Best Individual Short Story: "Burma Sky," "Cathedral Perilous," and "Jennifer." Best Humor Story: "The Boob Rube Story," "The ECCH-orcist," "Kaspar the Dead Baby," and "Police Gory Story." (Sounds like the contents page from an issue of CRAZY magazine!) Outstanding New Talent: PAUL GULACY, AL MILGROM, ANNETTE KAWECKI, and CRAIG RUSSELL. Hall of Fame: JACK KIRBY, ALEX TOTH, and WALLY WOOD. We'll give you a complete rundown of the wistful winners in just a few months, so keep watchin', hear?

ITEM! A tip of the slightly-battered Marvel bowler to the members of the prestigious PITTSBURGH COM-IX CLUB for the rousing reception they gave Powerhouse PAUL GULACY and Guest of Honor, Lively LEN WEIN, at the first annual PITTCON, held the home of the Super Bowl Steelers just a few weeks past. The interest, enthusiasm, and gracious hospitality shown Len and Paul by Blushing BEN PONDEXTER and the rest of the gang will not soon be forgotten. Muchas Gracias, Pittsburgh—and keep those homefires burning!

ITEM! We've got just about enough room left to tell you we've got no more room left for this go-round! See ya in thirty!



I FELT MYSELF LIFTED AND DRAGGED, MY SHATTERED HAND SCRAPING ACROSS THE ABRASIVE CONCRETE-- SHOOTING NEW SPARKS OF FIRE THROUGH MY VEINS--HASTENING THE ALREADY SWIFT FADE OF CONSCIOUSNESS...

DIMLY, I HEARD THE SHRIEK OF SIRENS, AND SQUEALING TIRES. IT SEEMED THAT IF THE MOON KNIGHT DIDN'T TAKE ME-- THERE'D BE OTHERS WHO WOULD--

OUTTA THE WAY, FANS. PAYDAY'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER, AND I'D RATHER KILL THIS HAIRY MONSTER--

--THAN LET THOSE COPS CUT ME OFF FROM MY BREAD.

REEEE

SOMETHING HOT AND WET GURGLED IN THE WEREWOLF'S THROAT, OVER HIS LIPS--

THEN MY MIND COZED INTO BLACKNESS.

Next:

THE WEREWOLF UNLEASHED, MORE SAVAGE THAN EVER BEFORE!! A SHOCKING TWIST! THE CAGES OF THE COMMITTEE! AND MORE--IN THE CONCLUSION CALLED--

**WOLF-BEAST;
MOON KNIGHT**